

HOME SECTION SOUTHERN TEXTILE BULLETIN

Edited by "Becky Ann" (Mrs. Ethel Thomas)

CHARLOTTE, N. C., FEBRUARY 9, 1928.

News of the Mill Villages

CHEROKEE FALLS, S. C.

Henrietta Mills—Cherokee Plant.

Dear Aunt Becky:

We want the readers of your fine little paper to know that there is such a place as Cherokee Falls—seven miles from Gaffney and five from Blacksburg. Have you ever visited here, Aunt Becky? (Yes, in the days of MILL NEWS, I visited there and always enjoyed it.—Aunt Becky.) We would like to have you come to see us. (Perhaps I shall do so in the near future.—Aunt Becky.)

Our mill runs full time and no one can help being contented and happy with such good men to work for as the following: Mr. J. L. Jewell, superintendent, "can't be beat," Mr. Abernethy is office man; Mr. J. Emory, carder; Mr. C. F. Grant, spinner; Mr. James Bradford, weaver; Mr. Brindle, overseer cloth room; Mr. R. C. Byers, mechanic; Mr. Patterson, outside man. A fine line-up, I should say! We'll match them against any bunch.

We have a fine school with Misses Hughes, Quinn, Martin and Logan in charge of first four grades; Mr. Harding has the fifth grade and Mr. Long, the principal, has the sixth and seventh.

There is very little sickness here—just a few cases of measles.

On last Friday night our superintendent and overseers furnished the things for a bountiful supper, and the ladies prepared it. Those attending were Mr. and Mrs. Jewell, Mr. and Mrs. Abernethy, Mr. and Mrs. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Emory, Mr. and Mrs. Byers, Mr. and Mrs. Brindle, Mr. and Mrs. Bradford, Messrs. Patterson, Robbins, Harding and Roscoe Lindburg. Other guests were Mr. Barr, our Methodist preacher, and Superintendent and Mrs. Woods, from Valley Falls.

The Music Club will have an oyster supper Friday night.

Mrs. C. F. Grant carried her Sunday school class of boys off for a weiner roast last Saturday, and they all report a fine outing.

Miss Thelma Jewell, Miss Ethel Byers and Mr. D. Harding motored to Charlotte, N. C., last Saturday to take Miss Rea Byers, who is attending a business college there.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory spent Sunday at Greer, S. C.

The Bluebird Sewing Club will meet at the teachers' cottage Tuesday afternoon. The larger Girls' Club will meet Thursday afternoon.

Thanks to our president, Mr. Higgins, we have one of the finest and most up-to-date cottages for our teachers that any mill village can boast of.

Mr. Jewell has had a skating hall fixed up, and it is enjoyed by old and young.

Yesterday we noticed some men walking around looking at our village and have learned that they contracted to paint and repair the houses.

Aunt Becky, we enjoy reading your paper. Come to see us some time.
A READER.

LAUREL HILL, N. C.

Springfield Plant—Morgan Mills.

Our mill is still running day and night with plenty of help. Mr. Strange Porter, night overseer, and Mr. Lemuel Shankle, night section man in spinning, are well liked by the help.

Mr. O. C. McCollum returned from Georgia fully convinced that Springfield can't be beat.

Mr. J. W. Miles and family have moved to a farm near Nicholasville, S. C.

Mr. Lee Levines has returned to us from Bennettsville, after an absence of one year.

Mr. John Salmon and family visited in Fayetteville Sunday.

The Sewing Club met in the home of Mrs. Will Dampier Saturday evening. Games were played, and Oh, Boy, you ought to have seen the dining room and the refreshments. A beautiful table was presented to Miss Ollie Hogan—the bride-to-be—

by Miss Lillian Bass, from the Sewing Club.

Grannie Wiggs now has some glasses, and she sees everything that we do—and more. Aunt Becky, she says for you to come to see her and she will try to buy some "so forth" for you.

Mr. Hartley, one of our old hands, has returned to us and will move his family here soon.

Mr. Henry Driggers has a new Dodge sedan and now wears his hat on the side of his head. Grannie Wiggs says he has bursted two pairs of pants and she had them to patch, and if he should get another car with a looking glass in it, no telling what he'll burst next.

Aunt Becky, Mr. Driggers and Mr. Dampier sure are fat. I saw Mr. Dampier laughing today, and I thought he was doing the Charleston from the way he shook all over.

LOUISE HELMS.

KERSHAW, S. C.

Kershaw Mill News—Couple Wed.

Mr. J. F. Chalmers, J. T. Ficklin and J. M. Bolt, of Fort Mill, S. C., were visitors in Kershaw Sunday.

Mr. T. E. Lattimore spent last week-end in Columbia.

Miss Velma Parker and Mr. Eugene Lowery, of this village, were married last Saturday evening. They are now on their honeymoon.

The company is having the overseers' houses refloored with hard wood flooring; also having the streets worked up. This is helping the looks of the village.

Mrs. W. J. Catoe died last Monday about 3 o'clock a. m. and the funeral was conducted by Mr. Geo. E. Smith, pastor of the First Baptist church, where Mrs. Catoe was a member. She was laid to rest in the Kershaw cemetery. She had a great host of friends and relatives, and will be greatly missed. Mrs. Catoe was about 28 years of age; her husband, Mr. W. J. Catoe, and two children, Mindie and Mildred, all of Kershaw, survive her.
A READER.

Becky Ann's Own Page

"THE BOOGER MAN WILL GET YOU IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT!"

The last three issues of the Southern Textile Bulletin have each been worth more than the subscription price for a whole year; and it is a matter of deep regret that any mill official, superintendent or overseer should have missed them.

Mr. David Clark, in the issue of January 19th, gives a fearless and thorough exposure of the doings of "PAUL BLANSHARD AND HIS BUDDIES," and has letters, documents and data to prove every assertion.

Who is Paul Blanshard? "He is a professional labor union organizer and parasite who was disloyal to the United States during the World War, and who has served two terms in jail." He is doing everything possible to "abolish the superstition of patriotism." He says so himself; and Blanshard also says:

"I am an American only by accident of birth. I do not believe that I have any moral obligation to stand for America." He brags that American colleges are co-operating with his idea of moulding the plastic minds of youth. How many fathers and mothers realize what is being taught to their children?

This Blanshard and several college professors recently met in Greensboro, N. C., and later in Washington, D. C.; and, in both meetings, vicious attacks were made upon the textile industry of North Carolina.

What a pity that any mill man should be 'too busy' to keep posted on the perils that menace the peace and prosperity of the Southern textile industry! Prevention is better than cure. A few dollars rightly spent NOW to intelligently direct thought in the right channels will save thousands that may be eventually lost—all because of indifference, that is blocking the way of helpful information.

Valuable Information.

In the issue of January 26th there is a page of illustrations showing textile activities; in Aintab, Syria, an overseer of carding is shown working; a Japanese grandmother is reeling; boys and girls of Africa are shown weaving, and a couple of Japanese ladies are shown doing some kind of home spinning. "IF YOU THINK YOUR OWN JOB IS HARD, TRY ONE OF THESE" is the caption at head of this interesting page. In the same issue, "CLARK'S ANNUAL REVIEW," is not only interesting, but valuable information. Then there is a review of the Southern Textile Association's work for 1927, by the efficient secretary,

J. M. Gregg;—more valuable information for mill men.

A Warning Cry.

In the issue of February 2nd, "Filthy Text Books" as used in a girls' college in Florida (and perhaps in other States) are mentioned on the editorial page. The stuff they contain is intensely vulgar, obscene and filthy beyond the power of description or imagination of decent people. Again Mr. Clark has proof at his finger tips, and sends forth a clarion cry of warning. He is ever on the alert to detect the "trail of the serpent" and with unerring instinct tracks him to his lair.

In a recent survey made by Prof. Leury, himself a modernist of Bryn Mawr, it was found that "5,500 teachers of Science, 67 per cent of the teachers of Physics, 77 per cent of the teachers of History, 80 per cent of the teachers of Biology, 83 per cent of the teachers of Sociology and 86 per cent of the teachers of Psychology, had given up the Bible as God's Word and the Savior as the real Redeemer," says an authority. Isn't it time to think seriously of what all this means?

Many of us have noticed the "superior complex" as developed by some of our college graduates the past two or three years. They too often come home to openly flout our Christian religion, or to merely tolerate it with the air of martyrdom, or a smile of derision.

There is a reason. WHAT IS IT? Read Mr. Clark's editorials.

Sentiment Lightens Labor.

The issue of February 2nd also gives a complete account (discussions and all but the eats) of the Carders' meeting in Columbia, and is one of the most interesting on record—getting more of the personal touch, mixed in with textile experiences and problems than ever before.

Good Lord deliver us from any kind of work, and from superintendents and overseers, absolutely devoid of sentiment! Work need never be a drudge, if accepted and accomplished in the right spirit. And the superintendent or overseer who is in close touch and sympathy with his employees—can depend upon them for co-operation. All these things, with fine and appropriate quotations, will be found in the carders' discussions, showing the fine character of our textile leaders.

There are some mills where if an operative gets hurt while at work, all his medical expenses are paid and he gets a half or more of his regular wages—sometimes the entire amount—for the time he is unable to work. Does the operative stay out any longer than he should? NO! Does the mill lose in this trans-

action? Or rather—wouldn't the company LOSE FAR MORE IN GOOD WILL if no consideration was shown an unfortunate operative?

Lack of sympathy and understanding is tremendously expensive for any industry—more especially if the officials should be church leaders. Sunday religion is measured by week-day activities. "Golden Rule Nash" made money by practicing the Golden Rule every day.

We believe in foreign missions. But we believe first is caring for those at home; and, if we should find loyal workers in a mill village, suffering for want of a little help in time of distress, we'd have little respect for the "Big Boss" whose name headed the list with a \$1,000 for Near East Relief.

—Yes, the last three issues of THE BULLETIN are each worth more than the price of a year's subscription. Every superintendent should urge his overseers—and overseers should advise their second hands and section men to GET THE BULLETIN AND READ IT REGULARLY.

SCOTSDALE, GA.

Scottdale Mills.

Much to our disappointment and regret, Mr. Scott was not in his office. It had been around 13 years since we visited Scottdale, but we'll never forget the hearty welcome and lovely courtesies always extended to us there.

We found Mr. C. E. Wisner still occupying the superintendent's office and looking as young as ever. There were a number of our old friends in the mill who remembered us and were glad to see us.

We have never seen any bad running work here, or anybody who looked tired and overworked. This is a lively, happy bunch—just as one expects to find where such high-toned gentlemen are at the head of things.

Rebecca Cottage and Club House are among the village assets, with many social features and attractions for the pleasure and entertainment of the employees. A new school building is pointed to with pride. A "protracted meeting" by Rev. Chas. Stevens was a topic of much interest. A trained nurse is employed by the company to look after the health of the community.

W. P. Roseberry is carder, with L. J. Corbett, second hand, and W. P. Carter, card grinder; T. W. Johnson is spinner, with M. C. Baldwin and H. J. Towns, section men; J. W. Jenkins is weaver; H. V. Martin, J.

W. Hardy, J. T. Loyd, L. T. Garrett, F. L. Broom and J. B. Garrett, loom fixers; J. W. Simpkins, master mechanic.

MILSTEAD, GA. Milstead Mfg. Co.

Anyone who has seen the Callaway mills and villages in LaGrange will at once recognize this as belonging to that progressive company.

A large and beautiful greenhouse filled with lovely flowers (just as at the mills in LaGrange) is one of the first things that catch and hold attention and interest when one gets to Milstead village, a mile or two from the station of Conyers.

A fine school employing 12 teachers, a modern teachers' home, the best of nurses (Miss Sarah Weaver), and Martha Washington hotel—are among the many conveniences and blessings.

This mill has its own electric plant and water works system, and is one of the most modern of mill communities.

Mr. Jas. A. Newsome, for several years with the Unity Cotton Mills, of LaGrange, as superintendent, is vice-president and general manager, but the big promotion didn't effect his brain nor give him a "superiority complex." He is the same thoroughbred Christian gentleman with the same unfailing smile and courtesy that made him a general favorite in LaGrange.

Mr. Ira B. Grimes, for many years superintendent of Elm City Cotton Mills, of LaGrange, is now general superintendent of all the Callaway mills, a position won entirely on merit.

Overseers at Milstead.

J. R. Williams is carder, with Ed Black, second hand; O. C. Nelson is spinner, with Buddie Wilson, second hand in spinning, and W. H. Mathis, second hand in twister room; J. B. Stewart is weaver, and Joe Stewart, second hand; W. A. Doyle, overseer the cloth room, and F. C. Cotton, second hand; J. S. Burney, master mechanic; R. L. Helton, assistant.

SOCIAL CIRCLE, GA.

Social Circle Cotton Mill Co.

Social Circle is well named, for we have never found a more friendly or "sociable" people.

We were at a disadvantage, though, as our good friend, Superintendent W. L. Phillips, was away. However, his daughter, Thelma (who is also his secretary) and the genial cashier, Mr. P. B. Loyd, extended every possible aid, and accompanied by Miss Thelma (who it was easy to see was a general favorite) we went all over the pretty mill.

Chas. Walker is overseer carding; his second hand, Bill Voyles, died suddenly in the mill, on duty, a

short time ago; N. L. Harper is spinner, assisted by O. H. Hardigree and J. L. West; R. A. Burt is weaver, with J. L. Watkins, second hand; Albert Vaughn is second hand in spooling, warping and slashing; R. L. Baughman, overseer the cloth room, and L. A. Simmons, master mechanic.

COVINGTON, GA.

In the days of old Mill News, when Mr. Worsham (now deceased) was superintendent, we were always glad to visit this wonderfully nice mill. The president and treasurer, Mr. N. S. Turner, always enjoyed a joke, and thinking we wouldn't know him the other day, tried to deny his identity! But we are sure that no one who has ever had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Turner could ever forget him.

Superintendent W. L. Sullivan was very busy, but not too much so to be pleasant. We had very little time to stop, but saw a number of our old friends.

M. F. Bachelor is overseer of carding; T. A. Drake is overseer of spinning; R. F. Cain is one of the progressive young section men; S. I. Day is overseer of the cloth room; W. T. Stephens is overseer of weaving; J. C. Sheppard is master mechanic.

J. W. Sammons, one of the weavers, is interested in all that means mental or spiritual growth. We heard some good things said of him. He is ready at any time to lead in Christian work, or to GET BEHIND AND PUSH—a man who has the confidence of those about him.

ERLANGER, N. C.

Erlanger Cotton Mills Co.

Miss Sadie Kinley, of Erlanger, and Mr. Clyde Hughes, of Cid, were married at Asheboro Saturday, January 28th. We wish them much happiness.

Mr. and Mrs. I. L. Blaylock and daughter, Delphine, spent last week-end in Albemarle visiting relatives.

Mrs. H. D. Townsend, of Lexington, spent last Thursday with Mrs. C. W. Leister.

Mr. R. R. Summey and Mrs. Nannie Ridenhour were visitors in Salisbury last Sunday.

The Coleman girls, of Lexington, sang at the Baptist Tabernacle last Sunday morning—a treat which was greatly enjoyed by all present.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Sealey and children visited Mrs. W. W. Benque in Salisbury Sunday.

Mr. R. S. Nana received a very painful cut on his forehead, the result of a fall on the ice last Tuesday morning on his way home from work.

Mr. Milton Erlanger, of New York, president of the Erlanger Mills, was

a visitor at the plant last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Leister and children spent last week-end in Gastonia.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Leonard and children, of near Danville, Va., were guests of Mrs. Leonard's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Bishop, last week end.

MRS. C. W. LEISTER.

UNIONTOWN, ALA.

Section Men Give Supper to Overseers—Always Something Interesting Going On Here.

An interesting event of the past week was a banquet given for the overseers by the section men; it was cooked and served by the Happy Girls' Club.

The table was beautifully decorated with small red baskets filled with mints at each plate, with a place-card on each basket.

The guests were: Messrs. L. A. Funderburk, G. W. Miller, U. S. Yelverton, W. J. Buckner, Lee Thornhill, overseer of spinning at the Sunset Mills, Selma, Ala.; T. H. Osmer, John Summers, band master; Mr. Pebil; also Mr. M. I. Teague, of Winston-Salem, and Mr. I. F. Stephens, of Lineville, Ala.; both are with the Bahnsen Humidifier Company, of Winston-Salem, N. C.

A surprise game was pulled and Mr. Vonie Yelverton was the prize winner.

Section men: Messrs. Albert Nance, Rube McClinton, Ozie Wilkerson, John Bynum, A. L. Larkin, Vonie Yelverton, Eric Yelverton, Frank Frith, Willie Nichols, Geo. Vines, Pete Addison, Henry Williams, R. T. Yelverton, Cliff Lolley.

We missed Mr. Jeff Gardner, Jim Nance, Harrison Osmer, Howard Anderson and Mr. Foster. Hope to see them at the next one.

Interesting talks were made by all and all are looking forward to another such entertainment.

"Happy Girls" who served: Margaret Buckner, Mrs. A. Nance, Inez Yelverton, Inez Gates, Eunice Yelverton, Estelle Dean, Fannie Thornhill, Odie Thornhill, Lula G. Watson, Luine Mars.

We were very glad to have Mr. Teague and Mr. Stephens with us and when they are through work we hope they will come to see us again.

Mrs. Leatha Reidell is very sick with pneumonia.

Mr. Lee Thornhill and family were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Combs.

Mrs. Spot Guthrie's many friends are glad to see her out again after a short illness.

The Happy Girls are planning for a good time Saturday night at a box supper and are looking for every-

body to buy a box, as the money goes to buy things for the club.

Mrs. Johnnie McHaney, Mr. Parris Duggins, Mr. Ollie McHaney, Mrs. Bessie Williams and Mrs. Eunice Powers spent last week-end at Meridian, Miss.

The S. O. L. Class (Serve Others Loyally) met at the home of the teacher, Mrs. G. W. Miller, with twenty present. Games were played and fruit served, all having a nice time.

BILLY JOE.

KINGS MOUNTAIN, N. C.

Mrs. Georgia Payne and Mrs. W. H. Redman Pass Away—Dilling and Phenix Mills Curtailing — Couple Wed.

Mrs. Georgia Payne died at her home just out of town Thursday night, after intense suffering for several weeks with cancer. She was the widow of the late James Payne, who preceded her to the great beyond five years ago. She was forty-seven years old and had been a member of the Methodist Church since a girl.

Funeral services were held from the home Friday afternoon by her pastor, Rev. O. P. Ader, assisted by Rev. J. M. Garrison, pastor of the A. R. P. church, and Rev. R. M. Hoyle, a retired Methodist minister. The body was laid to rest in Mountain Rest cemetery. She is survived by nine children (the youngest five years old), six brothers and four sisters, a large number of other relatives and a host of friends. The floral offerings were beautiful beyond description.

Cora Mill.

Mrs. W. H. Redman died at her home here Wednesday night after a short illness. Her death came as a shock to her many friends. She was a young woman just twenty-three, a daughter of the late Rev. J. C. Blanton. She was a member of the Second Baptist church and was a Sunday school teacher.

Funeral services were held at the Second Baptist church Thursday evening by her pastor, Rev. W. N. Cook, assisted by Rev. A. H. Sims and Rev. C. J. Black. The body was carried to Oak Grove church for interment. She is survived by her husband and three children, Talmage, age 7, Doyt, 3, and a tiny infant only a few hours old; her mother, Mrs. J. C. Blanton, three sisters and four brothers, a host of other relatives and friends. The grief stricken family have our deepest sympathy.

Dilling Mill.

The Dilling is curtailing this week. They stopped off Friday morning until Monday, and it is expected that they will continue to run that way for the next few weeks. They are tearing out the old spinning upstairs and putting in new frames; when it

is finished there will be new machinery practically through the whole mill; just recently they installed new wet-twist twistlers.

Mr. Leonard Huffstettler, son of Mr. F. H. Huffstettler, mechanic here, and Miss Cornelia McWhirter, of the Phenix Mill, went over to York Thursday and were married. For the present they will make their home at Mr. Huffstettler's. We wish them much happiness.

Miss Janie Bell Odom spent the week-end at Boiling Springs with her sister, Miss Lunett Odom.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Conner and son, Yates, Mrs. J. B. Mauney and Mrs. J. A. Davis attended the funeral Saturday of Mrs. Monroe Barnett at Shelby.

Miss Jannie Bell Odom, daughter of Card Room Overseer B. P. Odom, has accepted a position as bookkeeper for Wolf Dry Cleaning Co., to succeed Miss Irene Ramsey, who was married last week.

Phenix Mill.

The Phenix is curtailing some lately. They stop off Friday at 12 o'clock, thus getting five days a week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Blankenship, of Charlotte, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Gault, Wednesday.

The sick folks all seem to be on the mend at present, we are glad to say.

There have been some new cases of measles in the last week, and also a few cases of influenza; but all are doing nicely.

MRS. M. L. C.

CHESTER, S. C.

Eureka Mill.

We are sorry to report that Mrs. W. J. Anderson, of the Springstein Mill (formerly of this mill), is in the hospital in a very serious condition.

Miss Eloise Hanna was able to return to work Monday.

Mrs. M. Mullinax had as her guests Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Cook, of Pineville, N. C.

Miss Mary Emma Sprouse and Mr. Arthur Hurst motored to Great Falls Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John McGowan have returned home from Gaffney, S. C., where they were called on account of a very serious accident to the former's father. They report him as getting along nicely.

Rev. A. W. Baker, former pastor of the Methodist church, was visiting here Sunday.

Mrs. Bessie Mullis and family, of Rock Hill, visited her mother, Mrs. J. J. Hanna, last Sunday.

Mrs. J. G. Stevenson had as her guests Sunday, her father and two brothers, Messrs. Dilling, of Gastonia, N. C.

The first Quarterly Conference of the Methodist church (Chester circuit) was held last Sunday at Chapel's chapel, and a goodly number from here attended. They served dinner on the ground, which was greatly enjoyed by all.

MRS. F. T. BELL.

SPINDALE, N. C.

Spindale House was well filled for the first of three Lyceum Courses. The artists were H. E. Banta and wife, Edith Keane Banta, of Chicago.

The Lyceum is sponsored by G. B. Howard (treasurer), K. S. Tanner, S. E. Elmore, Capt. B. L. Smith, J. O. Williams, G. A. Williams, W. R. Wells, N. A. Gregg, T. M. Plonk and David Lindsay, mill officials and leading citizens. After paying the Piedmont Lyceum of Asheville, the receipts will go for the benefit of "P. T. A."

The Girls Basketball (town team) went to Green's Creek, in Polk county, to play the High School girls. The score was 15-22 in favor of Green's Creek.

Bennett & Silver, contractors, expect to build the new Spencer Baptist church soon. The pastor, Rev. M. M. Huntley, estimates the cost at \$10,000.

We welcome Mr. Glenn Keller back to his old position in Spencer Mill after an absence of several months.

Little B. L. Smith, Jr., only son of Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Smith, is in a Charlotte hospital being treated for a severe attack of bronchitis.

Little Jack Keller, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Keller, has been ill but is slowly recovering.

On Saturday night, January 21st, in Spindale House, Spindale band presented "Jubilee Minstrels," directed by D. G. Cole. The house was well filled and the program thoroughly enjoyed.

There is always something doing here for the entertainment of our young people, and it is always entertainment of high order.

INEZ KELLER.

KINSTON, N. C.

We have a nice letter from Kinston, but the writer forgot to let us know his or her name, and we can't publish letters without that information; if we should do so, all kinds of stuff would come in, for which the editor alone would have to be responsible. We do not publish names if writers object, but WE MUST KNOW THEM.

We will appreciate having the name of the Kinston writer with another letter, which we will be delighted to publish.

"AUNT BECKY."

Truth Crushed To Earth

By

MRS. ETHEL THOMAS

(Continued from Last Week)

Just ahead, two blue-coated figures on motorcycles dashed from the police station in different directions. Surely they had received and were acting upon his instructions to the chief! On, on, he sped unmindful of the raised hand of a "traffic cop" and drawing exclamations of surprise and keen admiration from bystanders. The clock in the city hall struck five. Turning a corner, making a short cut to the same river bridge where he had only three hours before made the acquaintance of Bony Ransome, the preacher saw an auto speeding ahead, he had a glimpse of an anxious face glancing backward, and at the same time saw the auto spurt forward with increased speed. He, too, with a reckless disregard for rules and regulations, determined to reach the bridge first, a distance of only five blocks. Where, oh, where were the policemen?

Whizz! whirr! As he dashed up even with the car, he leaned to one side, his keen eyes upon the dusty tire, plunged his knife into it up to the hilt, and in just the fraction of a second had split it wide open its entire length, just as the car mounted the bridge.

"Go on! Go on!" shouted Sam Lennox to the man at the wheel.

"Go on! Cross to Alabama!" shrieked the woman.

"Stop!" roared John Egle. "In the name of the law, stop!" The man at the wheel obeyed, in spite of the threats of Sam Lennox. Anxiously John Egle looked around for a "blue coat," but there was none in sight.

"Show your authority, or take the consequences!" hissed Sam Lennox, stepping out, his hand in his hip pocket and a desperate purpose in his fiery eyes. "Where's your badge? Oh, parson—you? And you stopped us in the name of the law!" Sam smiled in condensed fury, which flared into a terrible tempest as he saw the wrecked tire.

"Yes, a higher law than any devised by man," replied the preacher, grappling with Sam as he jerked a pistol from his pocket. John Egle, "the fighting parson," was never happier than when in a good clean fight, forced by the other fellow. He laughed in pure joy, as he wrenched the pistol from Sam's hand and sent it flying into the muddy waters of the river. At the same time, Sam Lennox landed a good hard blow in the preacher's face, which brought the blood from his lips and made him "see red."

Then for a moment there was a struggle worthy of his strength, for Sam Lennox seemed a perfect fiend of fury, and was giving and taking blows, unflinchingly, snarling vindictive curses which the preacher answered with chuckles of satisfaction.

Meanwhile the occupants of the car were not "paralyzed spectators." The woman sprang out and ran swiftly

They're All There

From the doffer boys, the spinners, the weavers on up to the overseers, superintendents and even the mill owners, they're all there in the

Becky Ann Books

Aunt Becky Ann (Mrs. Ethel Thomas) writes of Southern mill life as no other author has ever done. Her thrilling romances throb with life and love in the mill villages, grip your interest and hold it to the last line.

Read

Only a Factory Boy

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Will Allen—Sinner

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Nobodys Business

By Gee McGee.

Hospital Symptoms.

My best friend's wife who lives in Baltimore with my best friend wrote me a few days ago that her husband was in the hospital there, having just undergone a serious operation, and she asked me to write him one of my "cheerful" letters, and I did so, as you will observe from the following excerpts therefrom:

Dear Bryant:

Staying in a hospital a few weeks is not such a horrible experience. I know what I am talking about. Just 2 years ago today, I was escorted to the operating table where I spent a couple of unsatisfactory hours. The doctors cut and sawed about 6 hundred dollars worth of my innards out and thought once of cutting my gall out too, to make it 25 dollars more, but that organ was so large they decided it would be best to leave it in as I would suffer too much loss in weight if it were to be extracted. (They said this, I think, because I had asked them to operate on me on credit and then get a free bed in a private room for me).

Well, the first day or so I was encompassed about with pain and misery and suffering, but time wore on, and so did I. About the third day I knew I was getting better because I smiled at one of those angelic nurses that happened to be feeling my pulse and holding my hand at the same time. (By the way, ain't nurses pretty, tho?)

At the beginning of the fourth day, I considered a hospital about the finest place in the world to stay. You can always tell when you are improving and when you ain't when you are in a hospital. When the nurse takes your temperature and holds your hand and smiles on you, all at the same time, you are improving. When she bends over to fix your pillow and you tickle her chin and she grins, then it's time for you to tell your old lady that she must knock before coming into your room.

Now, if your case isn't too serious, and I don't think it is, by the tenth day, you'll be wanting to have some candy sent up to the nurses. On the eleventh day, if you are propped up in bed and your nurse sits on the side of your bed and pats you on the stummick, then it won't be long before the doctor will be dismissing you. But—

When the nurse brushes your hair and leaves off taking your temperature and removes the bandages and gives you an alcohol rub, and then begins to blush and you begin to blush, right then you'd better get up, put on your clothes and go on home. • You're cured.

Your true friend,

Gee McGee.

Predictions.

Hoover will be the next president. Henry Ford's new car will be on the market in six months. Tom Heflin will turn to a gas bag before congress adjourns. Cotton will sell for 20 cents in April. Taxes will not be reduced during your life-time. Dresses will be discarded entirely by 1933, and bloomers will be worn by all females except old maids, grandmas, and bow-legged folk. Cole Blease will continue to vote with the republicans until his term of

to the Alabama side of the bridge and disappeared. The driver took possession of the preacher's motorcycle, just as Sam Lennox was thrown with a mighty splash into the river.

Turning, the preacher raced after the man who had taken his machine, and at that moment two "cops" appeared; one turned his attention to the man who was floundering weakly in the water. It was very evident that he couldn't swim, or was too weak to do so.

The other, raced after the preacher, who had violently thrown the man from the bridge, and must be arrested.

Virginia, who crumpled up on the floor of the car, was unseen; she regained consciousness, slowly opened her eyes, had a confused memory of violence, and heard the shouts of the policeman, as he ran to rescue Sam Lennox. She stepped from the car as if in a dream, and mingled with the crowd that was quickly gathering. Presently her wits completely restored, her heart throbbing with fear, she walked casually away, unnoticed, praying as best she could for help.

"God, if you care for girls like me, help me!" she pleaded. "I can't go home; my father is against me, and the preacher will not believe me any more. I can't go to him. Oh God! help me to get away. Save me from these bad people!"

Poor girl, she did not know that the preacher was even then fighting to save her. She did not know that her father and officers were frantically searching for her, and her one thought was to disappear. But where could she go, what could she do?

It was eight o'clock when John Ergle arrived home, where his mother was waiting supper.

"For goodness sake, John, what is the matter? Have you been in a fight?" she asked, her hands on his shoulders, her bright little eyes swiftly noting his disarray, his swollen lip, and his pale, anxious features. Then he told her all he knew, and lots that his apprehensive heart conjectured.

"The woman must have taken Virginia away," he groaned. "Both have completely disappeared, though Sam and his male companion are in the lock-up. Alf Moore declares the officials don't care;—that they will not put forth any extra effort to find the child, and that if Sam Lennox has, or can raise money enough or plenty of good whiskey, the majority of the police can be bought."

"Merciful heavens, John! Surely that ain't so."

"I hope not, mother; but a review of the way they dodge issues, and now they are seldom found where most needed, makes me wonder if they really are lined up with the devil here in Cosmos, and allow the wicked to flourish with their full knowledge and consent. But I'll find that poor child if I have to rake this city with a fine tooth comb!" and his voice broke in a half sob. "From what I can learn the woman is a dupe of Sam's and is exceedingly afraid of him, and violently jealous of Virginia. I'm desperately afraid for the child's life."

"We'll pray, and trust God to keep her safe, son," comforted the mother, as John pushed his plate back with food untouched, and rose from the table, his face very grave.

"I'm going to my study, mother," he said. "Have several letters to write, so don't wait up for me. This has been a trying day. I'm tired and all out of tune, and I've got to get myself in hand before I retire. I used to think that a minister's life was all peace and happiness, and that he rode in a little life-boat safely through the billows of trial and temptations, his soul safely anchored beyond the reach of Satan's fiery darts. But preachers are very human, I find."

"Of course, John. You've got to be human to understand. Didn't Christ himself become human for us? Wasn't He tempted and tried, same as other folks? An' I believe he's so human, an' so just, that he'll make allowances for them that come from weak an' sinful parents, an' won't expect the impossible of anybody. Ain't it fine to have a Savior that knows all about us? Somehow I ain't oneasy about Virginia. Jesus knows all about her an' will say: 'Poor child,—no mother,—an' a drunken father. She's worse off than a sure enough orphan, an' I'll have to send an angel to watch over her.' Maybe He'll send her own mother, like he managed for Moses."

Silently John Egle swept his little mother in his arms, bowed his sleek dark head above her gray ones, and held her close to his heart a moment.

"Oh, mother, mother!" he whispered, "your sweet, simple faith makes me ashamed;" and he hurried out, wondering if, in all the world there was another woman one-half so fine in character or lofty in principles, as his little mother, who was woefully ignorant, having learned to read and write since her fortieth birthday.

John Egle, with head bent low on his breast, pushed open the outer door of his study, passed through the dark little reception hall, opened the door to his private study, closed it, turned on the light, removed his coat and hat, and sank into a chair before his desk.

The photograph of a beautiful woman, her plump, round shoulders and neck bare very low, and gleaming in ivory whiteness, lay with an open letter upon his desk. He looked at it long and thoughtfully, finally shaking his head sadly, as he murmured:

"Oh, Marjory! You are very lovely and you almost tempt me!" He picked up her letter and re-read the playful, half serious banter:

"Do ministers always forget their sinner friends of 'Auld Lang Syne?' Member a certain day ten years ago, when we went fishing and I was swinging my hook about, and it fastened in the seat of your trousers?

"Well! the Lord must have meant that as a matrimonial catch—as I haven't been able to 'hook' a man since! Anyhow, I'm crazy to see how you look as a minister, and I do think you might invite me to spend the winter 'down South.'

office expires, and then he'll be re-elected. Graft will be unknown during the millennium. Farm relief will come only when the farmers quit trying to farm.

(McGee Syndicate, Anderson, S. C.)

GALVESTON AND TREASURE ISLAND, TEX.

Big Times At Galveston in May and June.

Our mill is standing; we understand that it will be sold and started up again about March. The mill is two stories; has 15,000 spindles, all Whitin machinery about six years old. We have no mill village. Everybody lives in town and comes to work on street cars or in their own automobiles. Gas is only 13 cents per gallon. Your car must have a tag front and rear.

The play houses will soon open up on the Beach, and tourists will be coming in from everywhere. In May, we have the Bathing Girls Revue contest, which brings the beauties here from all over the globe. Miss New York won last year; the prize was around \$1,500. We are to have a boat load of European beauties in the contest this year—Misses Spain, England, France, Italy, and Germany. There were around 10,000 people at the beach for this occasion last year. There is dancing and every kind of amusement here, and anything you wish to eat cooked in style.

Almost any day in the year is good for fishing but experienced fishermen say that the sport is better when the water is clear and the wind in the east. The powerful tarpon furnishes plenty of thrills when you try to land him. Next to him, the Spanish mackerel put up the hardest fight. Then there are the redfish, bluefish, pompano, speckled trout, kingfish, Jackfish, sheephead and channel cat. People fish, hunt or build houses here on Sunday same as any other day.

The National Democratic Conventino will be held in Houston, 50 miles from here, in June. Houston is preparing to care for 25,000 people and has asked Galveston to care for 10,000 at that time, so you see we will have plenty of visitors. Interurban carline (Houston and Galveston) connects the two towns and the traveling is good, fast and safe. Cars go both ways every hour.

Since writing to the HOME SECTION I have had a number of letters and cards from old friends. I left Guilford county, N. C., when seven years old, went to near McColl, S. C., and was reared there. I worked in old McColl Mill, No. 1, and married my first wife there. My overseer was W. C. Quick, who is now at Ice-morlee Mills, Monroe, N. C. Ice-morlee is one of the prettiest mills I have ever seen. I lived there awhile, and I like to read the letters from there.

I was glad to receive a letter from my old friend H. T. Davis, of Salisbury, N. C., telling me that he had become a minister of the gospel. Rev. E. N. Tart, one of the old McColl boys, is another minister doing good work for the Lord over at Lawrenceville, Ga. And if those old Howard & Bullough speeders are still there and trying to run, Brother Tart will have a lot of temptations to contend with and his superintendent will be likely to see him every hour, as he doesn't sleep much.

Now in conclusion: If any one who reads this contemplates a visit to Galveston, come in May for the Bathing Girls Revue, or in JUNE for the Democratic Convention.

C. S. PITTS,
4307 Ave. Q, Galveston, Tex.

LAGRANGE, GA.

Dinner and Announcement of Two Teams' Acceptance of Invitation to Enter Textile Tourney Mark Close of Industrial Basketball League.

A terrific onslaught took place last Wednesday evening when the Y. M. C. A. of Southwest LaGrange and its management were hosts at a chicken dinner to the members of the Industrial Basketball League and the Y. M. C. A. team, No. One, Class A, par excellence. Those birds didn't even have a ghost of a chance, for they were out numbered and soon, too, soon, quickly surrounded and annihilated.

After the inner man had been satisfied, or at least temporarily appeased, Miss Warner, a visitor, gave several whimsical readings that were keenly enjoyed. Mr. Quillian, secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Southwest LaGrange, then introduced the speaker of the evening, a young fellow, one "Skeet" Johnson, who proved that he could make a speech as well as referee a basketball game. Mr. Johnson is assistant coach at LaGrange High School and he's surely a great chap.

Back to the dinner—after Mr. Johnson's speech, the visitors of note who were present were introduced amid much handclapping. First came Sir Isaac Newton Anderson, manager of the Hillside team that copped the league trophy and incidentally, ah—but thereby hangs a tale. Then the Hillside team, itself, stood up very modestly. C. J. Jones, manager of the Spinning Mill team, received a hand as did Stanton Davis Unity's manager.

With diffidence, Tom L. Arnett, manager of the crack Y team, took his ovation. Coach T. P. Barclay, who was hiding behind the stalwart backs of his proteges, was routed and acclaimed. Then the Y team, itself, though never at a loss on the basketball floor, very hastily stood for their share of the plaudits and as hastily seated themselves again.

There were three men present Wednesday evening who can be classed together and given the highest encomium, real sportsmen. Frank L. Asbury, Jr., J. K. Boatright and Boyd N. Ragsdale are among the most loyal supporters of the teams that the industries, which they head, put out. Busy men, all of them, shouldering responsibilities, yet finding time to encourage the young fellows of the community by their presence at the games as well as their material support.

Mr. Asbury grew quite reminiscent, in his speech; recalled the days when Clarence Higginbotham was running around in rompers, when Marvin Lester got in the team's way, when material was rather scarce and the prospects of a good team were rather distant. "And," he said, "I am proud of these fellows, it's a great bunch and looks as if it were going to keep on getting better."

But the speech of the evening was made by none other than the genial "Y" secretary and prince of good fellows, H. T. Quillian. His words were few but weighty and served as a fitting climax for a delightful evening. With poorly concealed delight, Mr. Quillian stated that it was his good pleasure to announce that on February 15, the "Y" team would journey to Greenville, S. C., to enter Class A in the Southern Textile Tourney and that the Hillside team would also travel along and enter Class C. There followed handclapping and grins that spread from ear to ear. A very fitting climax for a perfect evening's entertainment.

"If you are interested in the heathen, why not try your hand at reforming me? I'm sure I would make a good welfare worker or nurse—with the proper encouragement,—and anyway, I won't be a burden on you if I should come. I've had a little success my own self, and I might be able to help you in some of your charity work, if you are very good and agreeable."

And he had been interrupted in his answer:

"Dear friend of years gone by: Your letter came as a very great surprise. I thank you for your photo, which I shall keep in my desk, away from prying eyes. Mother and I will be glad to have you visit us. Am enclosing one of my photos, you will please note that I am fully dressed."

Why he couldn't send that letter—it was almost an insult. He must not use an "icicle" for a pen, or sarcasm for defense of his puritanical ideas. Majory was fifteen and he eighteen when they had gone fishing together, and she had "hooked" him. He reviewed that happy summer, when she had visited a relative who lived near his boyhood home, and they had been the best of pals.

But in changing scenes and passing years, they had lost track of each other, and he had almost forgotten. Could this beautiful woman of twenty-five, be the little unformed, slender, sylf-like Marjory Loring of ten years ago? Yes, the great brown eyes were the same. He decided it would be nice to renew acquaintance, and began another letter which he meant should match her own, in friendly tone and daring banter.

Maybe it wasn't all playful banter—this letter of hers. And perhaps, after all, she might be God's mate for him. Who could tell? Why had she remained single? Why had she?

But he tore the second letter up and flung it aside impatiently. He couldn't write tonight, when he was haunted by the pale, sad face and despairing eyes of poor Virginia Moore. What he needed was to get hold of God with his mother's faith. Kneeling he prayed with fervent earnestness, speaking clearly and distinctly, but not loudly—just as if he knelt at Jesus' feet. He poured out his anguish and pleaded God's promises for the oppressed, and commended "dear little Virginia Moore and her distracted father to a throne of mercy."

The sound of a stifled sob caught his ear, and when he rose from his knees he stood face to face with Virginia.

CHAPTER VII

"Please don't take me home! Daddy let them take me—and Aunt Jane was glad. Please don't say I must go back there!" pleaded Virginia, trembling and frightened, as the preacher grasped her hand with a glad cry of thankfulness.

"But he's sorry, child;—he has been beside himself with grief. He was slow to act, but his heart is with you. He and the police are searching for you now."

(Continued Next Week)